

A SECOND
SCOURGE
 FOR
George Whitehead,
 An APOSTATE
QUAKER,
 IN
A POEM.

Wherein Truth is Vindicated, and the Memory of JOHN STORY,
 once more Revived, as a proper Testimony, against that Impious
 Book, falsely Intituled The Line of Truth, written in Defama-
 tion of his Memory, and in Favour of that False Church,
 whereof George Fox is reputed Head.

By W. Rogers.

No Parasites are Friends to Story's Fame,
 No Pensioners add Credit to his Name:
 With such like Fox and Whitehead gained Place;
 Who found their Praise, whilst Story they Disgrace.

Jerem. 32. 19. Thine Eyes are open upon all the ways of the
 Sons of Men, to give every one according to his ways, and accor-
 din; to the fruit of his doings.

Printed in the Year, 168¹.

SION COLLEGE
LIBRARY.

A SECOND
SCOURGE
 FOR
George Whitehead,
 A N
APOSTATE QUAKER, &c.

QUAKERS, (so call'd) in Christ's Name thus did Preach,
 Christ's Light's our Guide, it fallen Man doth teach :
 Not thereby slighting what from others came,
 Whil'st Preaching Christ, tho' by another Name.

Christ's Teachings by His Spirit few deny'd,
 Nought else was meant, when Light was call'd the Guide,
 What Scripture doth oppose, Light can't Defend :
 Ith' Light 'twas Wrote, none can those Dictates mend,
 Both Light and Spirit, and the Scriptures sound,
 Alarms to convert whom Sin doth Wound.
 What means Conversion ? 'tis that Sinners might,
 From Sin depart, and Joine to Christ i'th' Light :
 Whose Blood was Shed on th' Cross : Faith in't hath heald :
 The Saints thereby have their Redemption Seal'd,
 Christ's Light doth also shew, that Sins Death bring :
 That where Sin's Dead, there *Saints* for Joy do Sing,
 That GOD chos'd mean despised things to sound,
 The Gospel Light, the Mighty to Confound.

Look not said they to Us, 'tis our concern,
 That you from th' Light within your duty Learn.
 From th' Scriptures they Light, such a Teacher prov'd,
 That into Corners could not be remov'd :
 But did not Preach it up a slight to bring,
 On Holy Scriptures penn'd for our Learning.
 When carnal Eyes from Scriptures don't behold,
 What's Good or Ill, the Light will that unfold.
 Receive us not said They, further then Light,
 Within your selves, convince We teach aright :

And live the life according to our Measures,
Whereof We speak, treating of Heav'ly Treasures.

One faith, *to here*, another faith *to there*,
Keep to your * Own, safety is not elsewhere.
The Faith and Forms, that Men have made to Bind,
Where Faith is wanting, tends, to make Men Blind.

Ith' Law the Blind past not for Sacrifice,
Gospel excels, it loves not Blinded Eyes.
Let Scripture speak, Let Spirit be thy Guide,
They don't admit, what they do Teach to Hide.

For selfish ends some Doctors thus did tell,
You see not right, your Light directs not well.
We know exactly Heavens Path, why then,
Do you despise Us thus? pray turn agen,
And sit in Our Church-Lap, for She's Christ's Bride:
But they cry'd thus, *Deceit th'art cloth'd with Pride.*
Then Excommunications i'th Church Name,
The Saints of *GOD* as Rebels did Defame.

Their Sin, faith Church was this, our Doctors Teach ;
Yet thus they Plead, our Conscience they don't Reach.
And therefore We Reproach, will rather choose,
Than slight *GOD's Grace*, which He so oft renews
By help of Spirit, Light, and Scriptures too,
Christ's Preachers Teach, We must be Born anew,
Before we can in Christ an Interest
Claim for our Souls, wherein's Eternal Rest.
The Spirit Witness in our Selves must be,
That We are Christ's that Christ, hath made Us free,
Ere that Our Souls Partake of that true Peace,
Which Threats of Men can never make to cease.

These Truths, the Scriptures, Light, and Spirit Sound,
To Pride no Balm, to Lordship, 'tis a Wound.
What Hippocrits, are all such Quakers then,
As touching Souls concerns, have said Amen,
On the meer Credit of anothers Lines,
That seeking Self, from Scripture Truths declines.
Christ's Ministers for Gain of Souls do Labour,
Without respect to Worldly Gain or Favour,
He call'd Us not; to seek what's Yours but You,
And therefore We Claim not Yours as Our Due.

On such like Theams as these, they did Dilate,
Which had no tendency to make them Great.

Christ thought it meet, the Mean and Vile to Choose,
That great Ones might no longer Truths abuse ;
Twas not to make His Chosen end i'th' fame,
As they by th' Spirit were to bring to Shame:

But so the Tempter did in time prevail,
O're some such Preachers, e'ne from Head to Tail,
As that at length, like others some did Change,
Whose actions then, did shew such Doctrines strange,
For chiefeſt ſeem'd, that Erred from Christ's Path,
His Pride made way, for discontent and Wrath.
First discontent in ſome Prophetick Men,
To ſee 'midſt friends, Babel Building agen.
Next for his Preachers did abound in Wrath,
Gainſt them, whilst ſtanding for the Ancient Path.
Until at length, Fox and his Preaching Tribe,
Were Scorned like Hirelings, that liv'd in Pride.

Why ſo ?

When He had fram'd i'th' Church a Government
Preachers, approved by Man, beyond Seas went,
Who when they wanted Moneys to proceed,
The Church her Cash then did supply their Need,
If they their Motion freely did Submit,
To th' London Church, and do as She thought fit,
The Spirits Motion in a home-bread Swain,
Without a City Stamp, ſeem'd but in Vain :
And yet ſometimes, gainſt ſuch as for had ſent ;
The Church Dar'd not to shew Her discontent.
Tho' She hath cry'd aloud, once and agen,
Gainſt Black-coats, for their being ſent of Men.

What, can Deceit within a Coat that's Gray,
Being once a Sin, become no Sin to Day.
Oh nay : No doubt but GOD in time will shew,
His Wrath for this, and give a Signal Blow :
For that their Sin ſeems of the deepest Dye,
Who tell GOD Moves, and yet then tell a Lye.
Such Church-men unto Christ's Church Strangers are,
And moft rely upon their Churches Ear :
Unlike thoſe, whom Christ Sent i'th' Ministry,
Without a Scrip, to ſound the Gospel tree :
And therefore when Her Cash was empty'd She,
Crav'd Money for to ſerve the Ministry.

Hence Prating Preachers turn'd the Silver Bait,
Brought not a few oth' Churh with Zeal to wat.

As

As Favour was obtain'd by Parasites,
 They labour'd hard to gain more Proselytes.
 At length Her Papers, like to Briefs did cry,
 For Money, Money for the Ministry;
 And when that Practice was dislik'd by some,
 She frown'd like one whose downfall's near to come.
 But yet some Friends not fond of new Church Laws,
 Sent no supplies, not meerly than because,
 The Treasurers, whom Preachers might Perplex,
 Were o're each other but mistrustful Checks.
 (Else why must each One with his Key appear,
 Where Cash is kept, to shew what Moneys there)
 But rather to prevent the growth of Pride,
 And Poor Mens running with the turning Tide,
 Who of the tempting Bait before them spread,
 Sometimes partook, as if they needed Bread.
 Not thinking what a Bait, for them was lay'd,
 To make some Great, whil'st they were but betray'd;
 Especially, when nothing less than Spirit,
 Pretended was, to Fame their Worth, and Credit.
 This is not all the cause, why some forbore,
 To send Supplies with Gold Her Chest to Store.
 For thence some fear'd it might be charg'd as Sin,
 Since it Fed such, as Wounded Brethren.
 And ponder'd thus, when th' Church no Gold possest,
 To th' Preachers use, then filled was Her Breast,
 With Peace, and Love, which did Her Beauty shew,
 But Since Deform'd, She Wounds Saints here Below:
 And thinks She's Rich, tho' Poverty attends,
 And so 'twill be, whil'st Error She defends.
 Imposers are Apostates, so said She,
 Yet since strove hard to impose Her own DECREE
 She counts it wrong, to quote Church Cannon (Laws)
 A Rule for Her, whil'st Hers do others Awe.

* See in G. F's book of Women's meeting the characters given of Micah's Mother (Judges 17.) an Idolatrous Woman.

Churches by Law upheld she doth despise,
 Whil'st Her own Laws are to Her Members Eyes:
 Tho' to defend them, She cannot abide,
 A Scripture Test, She fails when that's apply'd:
 Unless that Zeal for GOD, * made with Mans Hand,
 Prov'd Zeal for GOD, against GODS own Command.
 Her Zealous Members are much puff'd with Pride,
 The strength of Argument upon Her Side,

Gaint *Christian Quakers* is, when thus saith She,
 We are the Church, and by the Spirit We,
 Give Righteous Judgment, hence it is She cryes,
 Dark Spirits, He that sees not with our Eyes,
 If any ask what City sits as Queen,
 Within Her Circuit since 'tis plainly seen,
 She's High and Proud, * Proud *London* is the Place,
 That sits as Queen, where Pride seems no Disgrace :
 And yet when She *Homes Sister* is but call'd,
 She winches like toucht Horses that are gall'd.
 Confusion Her attends, next follows *Woe*,
 Forthus She Whirls, but *GOD* knows where She'll go.
By thee and thou She's like the Christian Race,
 Where Canting Language never had a Place :
 But since that *London's* Yearly meeting Lines,
 Describ'd this Church as if Her Beauty Shines,
 She Wounds *Truths Friends*, under this term that *Spirit*
 A sensles Canting Name that Scorn doth Merit.

Some may object, why must the Church have blame,
 Since 'twas an hired Clerk put to his Name,
 Unto that Printed Language, I grant so,
 Twas *Richardson* in Her Name let it go.
 He was their hired Clerk, he bears their Blames,
 And 'tis not like that e're they'll shew their Names.
 If Shame Checkt not for some Clandestine Ends,
 When by such *Dark Terms* they have Wounded Friends,
 Why did they not subscribe their Names thereto,
 Their fallen Credit with *Flock* to renew ?
 Since true it is, what some do frequent say,
 Both Clerks and Priests, from th' *Flock* obtain their Pay.
 Hence I observe.

This *Church* will *Fall*, Her Load will be Her Guile,
 If you, O *Flock*, keep Purse strings fast a while.
 When that Spring fails, by Her you'll not be Priz'd,
 Slurpers then o're you, you'll see Despis'd.
 And Woes may long attend such *Prating Preachers*,
 As for Preferment turn'd *Deceitful Teachers*.
 Who tho' betray'd by Chief Ones for by Ends,
 Yet that Plea salves no Wounding of their Friends.
 Nor yet abates their Sin ; Repentance may,
 Oh that the *Guilty* Seek it in their Day,

* Meaning the
 yearly and se-
 cond days
 meeting there
 held and tak-
 ing themselves
 to be Chrits
 Church.

Till it be found ; then they will quickly see,
Their soft ned Hands e're fit for Misery.

For, who again with Pleasure turns to Labour,
That had so easie Trades through ~~For~~ his Favour,
As Preaching but a few Hours in a Week,
To Wound the *Just*, and Self thereby to seek.

Paul Labour'd that the Gospel that He Preach't,
Might not o're charge the Church, by that he reach't,
The Consciences of Mankind in his Day :
A Text not fit for Preachers seeking *Prey*.

At first with Thundring Tongues some us'd to charge,
Professors, for Proof quoting *Paul* at large,
That leaving Trades was most unfit for Men,
When they of Preaching made a Trade agen :
Meaning thereby, dependency thereon,
When through their Sloth, their Trades were Lost and ~~Gone~~

Some Parasites affirm for Truth their Notion,
That ~~For~~ his Precepts came from the Spirits Motion.
Thence Pride encreas'd, Faith seem'd to be with some,
That He had Keyes to th' Door of GODS Kingdom,
The Door thus Open'd to Exalt His Name,
Some could not Bow, then others did Defame.
The Spirit in the Church some Guids declar'd,
'Twas not term'd Catholick as e're I heard,
That Language might have seem'd to shew them Friends,
To *Rome's* Church Catholick; but so their Ends,
Could not be answered, they at Power aim'd
And since some Sheep have yielded what they Claim'd,
Yet I think not, that They of *Rome's* Church be,
Because They have Despis'd the *Romish* See.
But yet they, these Words UNIVERSAL SPIRIT,
Have introduc'd as Words of better Merit,
With such as They for Yokes might gentle Find,
When that the Church in that Name should them Bind.
When Christ's Professors aim at outward Power,
An outward Pale's prepar'd i'th' self same Hour.

What's then the Issue, he that can't Conform,
With ~~Wolves~~ cloth'd like to *Sheep*, may soon be Torn.
But all True Christians all such Paies Despise,
When us'd to Bar the Sight of their own Eyes;
And on their Master CHRIST put then their Trust,
Not fearing such as for Dominion Lust.
External Governments may Change their Laws,
Men can't Change Christ's, and for it shew Christ's Cause.

None can His Government External Call,
 And Scriptures quote to Prove the Truth Withal ;
 That Teacheth Light is Law, that Laws Within,
 That i Mens Hearts'tis Writ, Condemning Sin :
 And Blest be GOD, that Index yet Remains,
 Condemning Lordship through Usurping Straines,
 And shews what's Right, what's Wrong, how Crafty Men,
 May Turn and Twist, and then Untwilt agen.

For to be plain, what less than Cheaters He,
 Who Preacheth Light within a Law to Thee :
 Whilst *Humane Laws i'th Place He doth Exalt,
 As Judge o're Thee in what He Terms thy Fault.
 This no Consistency with Scriptures Hath,
 The Practice Merits, GOD's Eternal Wrath :
 Yet That hath oft been done, the more's the Shame,
 For so Religion often Comes to Blame.
 But Christ's Members when Despis'd by Men,
 Hath oft made Use of a Defending Pen.
 So now He doth, This POEM gives Anew,
 To STORY, FOX, and Whitehead what's Their Due.

Tho' STORY's Dead, yet His Name doth Survive,
 Tho' FOX doth Live, yet His Name's scarce Alive,
 Ene so Lives Whitehead, with a Dying Name,
 Since He a Drudge to FOX's Cause became.

Whitehead a while seem'd much on STORY's Side,
 When *Swartmore Scourg'd, He soon Ran with that Tide,
 But Running not so Swift that Northern Pace,
 As some then Parasites, from both Disgrace,
 Became his Portion for a while, else why
 To FOX, and Me alone, did He thus Cry.

I am like One, between Two Mill-stones Ground,
 Meaning 'twixt both Sides, 'twas a Mournful Sound.
 His Conscience then seem'd Scourg'd his Deceit,
 But since seem'd Sear'd, as if Pride laid the Bait,
 Conscience to Sear, on FOX for Self to Wait.
 No doubt He was Perplexed sore, when He,
 Was slighted for His Deep Hippocrisie.
 He was not thoroughly Pac'd, thence Doubts might 'rise
 That He in time might Turn, and FOX Despise.
 But yet at length He thorough Pac'd became,
 To stand by FOX, and STORY's Friends Defame.
 Some Wonder how He keeps so long in Favour,
 Since FOX is more Despis'd through Whiteheads Labor

* See De Chri-
stiane Libertate
pag. 60. 61.

* The Place in
the North
where G. Fox
lived since He
Marryed the
Widow Fell.

FOX is Term'd Head, yet Whitehead stear'd the Course,
 Till Both were Scorn'd, and they grew Worse and Worse.
 Then Preachers Weekly met in London CITY,
 On Scorned Whitehead seem'd to take some Pitty.
 His Works they Own'd, and Printed with no Name,
 For which ant Hugh and Cry Proclaimed Shame:
 But Prevail'd not with Meeters to Reveal,
 The Penman's Name, thus They Deceit did Heal.
 As They did His, so He did Hide their Names,
 Yet once They Judg'd * a Night-bird so Defames.
 Thus They own'd Dadds, that in the Dark were Wrought,
 Standing by what Defaming Pens had Taught:
 No wonder, why, their Church stood much in need
 Of Hippocrites, then Chaffe did pass for Seed.
 Amidst which Number Whitehead did Preside,
 Which can be prov'd, if Truth's proof He'll abide.

To Preach and Print against Deceit and Guile,
 Quoting CHRIST'S Light, doth shew a Christian Stile,
 Thus Crafty Whitehead did, e'ne whilst that He,
 Did Joyn with Church to Wound tho' few could see,
 Who Bent the Bow, from which the Arrows came
 So Inquisitions Wound whom Envy blame
 This still doth shew, their Church doth Merit Shame
 CHRIST'S Church Wounds none, 'gainst Sin the Church doth
 Sin leaves such Wounded, as the Church can't reach. (Teach
 Within CHRIST'S Church Words without Deeds don't Shew
 In whom CHRIST'S Nature for CHRIST'S Sake doth Flow.

Some Formalists i'th' Durward Court thus tell,
 No Formes are CHRIST'S but Ours, which All Excel.
 Twas Broach't that Men to Man might Bow and Bend.
 True Saints CHRIST'S Nature, more than Formes Command;
 In whom It Reigns, their Form can't be amis,
 But where It don't, no Formes the Path to Bliss.
 Yet Touching Formes of Outward Government,
 This Church her Pale, not from CHRIST'S Spirit Sent,
 Dissention did Arise in STORY's Time,
 Submission, when refus'd, became a Crime.
 He saw the Evils, that its growth Attends,
 As 'twas Erecting, 'mongst professed Friends.
 He Warnings gave, and yet some would not Hear,
 He rests in Peace, the Burthens They must Bear,
 Pride first did move to their Church settled Form,
 Thence Proud Surpys first began the Storm.

* See 7th part
 Christian
 Quaker &c.
 p. 1.

* See W. Ps.
 Winding-
 sheet for con-
 troversie end-
 ed.

And
 Eliz
 Tha
 And
 Wi

And Unsubjetted STORY call'd on th' Stage;
 Became the Object of their Church her Rage.
 At length George Whitehead, FOX, His Part did Take,
 for like ('tis said) for his Successions Sake.
 Till Both became, Cheif Objects of Derision,
 The Merit of their Cause, that caus'd Division.
 How so?

At first they Both i'th' Sun did seem to Sound,
 That * *Forms* imposed by Man did Christ's Caus^e Wound.
 But since External *Forms* by FOX Decreed,
 Are set as Marks to know the Chaff from th' Seed.
 Else why should Whitehead some true Friends Despise,
 That Touching *Forms* can't See with FOX's Eyes.
 He knows the Reason, and if Truth He'll tell,
 His Practice Rankly of Romes Smoke will Smell:
 Like to His Printed Doctrine, whose † Effect
 Terms such but Fools, that Labour to Detect,
 This Doctrine (wherewith chiefly Rome Deceives)
We must Believe, e're as the Church Believes.
 Alas what sort of Church must that then be?
 Which Whitehead owns, that's like the Romish See
 Tis not the Little Flock, for this I found,
 When He by Pen Design'd f. S. to Wound,
 That * He to Clements Word, did so allude,
 As if it wan't fit t'oppose the Multitude.
 Forth sake of Peace; so Christians Right or Wrong,
 May Bend and Bow to th' Side that seems most Strong,
 Terming Themselves the Church, if this be Right,
 Then Darkness may be Preach't instead of Light.
 But Blest be GOD, Romes Sister hath a Wound,
 And 'tis not Whiteheads Craft can heal it Sound.
 The Church her Practice which He oft Defends,
 'Tis most like Romes so far as Pow'r Attends.
 How so?

Rome seeks her Self, Improving her Devotions,
 The Path-way to Embrace Enslaving Notions.
 Within Her Pale, the Chaffe doth pass for Seed,
 And what's Revealed, must Bend to what's Decreed
 Else Burning faggots must their Portion be,
 That stand for Truth, Opposing Her Decree.
 And tho' Her Sister Truth's Friends don't Devour,
 With Burning faggots, whilst She hath no Pow's,

* Meaning
 Forms relating
 to Religious
 Worship and
 Discipline, a-
 mongst Pro-
 fessed Mem-
 bers of Christ's
 Church.

† See G. W.
 Apolite in-
 cendiary p. 15.

* His Written
 Epistle I have
 by me ready to
 produce for
 Proof.

Yet (whilst averring, that She Sought not Ours)
 She Sought Her Self, i'th' Nature that Devours.
 Elle in Her Name, no Excommunications,
 Would tend to Stain True Christians Reputations.
 Because an Union They have not Confeir,
 With Fozms and Facts, that Christian Souls Opprest.
 But Stedfast Stood, i'th' Faith that setteth Free.
 Not Charm'd by Charmers, Solinding Mans Decree.
 Her Excommunications are the Rod,
 Of Combin'd Councils 'gainst th' Elect of GOD:
 But that's not all, Her Preachers Day by Day,
 Pursu'd Truths Friends, like Foxes for their Prey.
 Their Errand was like Sauls, They oft did Strive,
 To Wound GOD's Prophets, and keep Baal Alive.

But Blest be GOD, Gogs Army had no Pow'r,
 The Body, Soul, or Spirit to Devour.
 Yet so far forth, as Tongues with Eyes could Wound,
 The Objects of their Wrath, Lyes did Abound.
 And being Fill'd with Pride, ard Zeal that's Blind,
 Were at a Call to All what was Design'd.

Hence Sixty Six like Mercenary Judges,
 Or rather like Self seeking Slaveish Drudges,
 By Satan Led to All what One Prepar'd,
 Past Sentance 'gainst JOHN STORY then Unheard,
 And distant Scores of Miles, not call'd t' Appear,
 His Charges to Defend, Confess, or Hear.
 This done, Usurpers in Christs Name on Earth,
 (As if thereon Christs Reign by Monstrous Birth,
 Must Represented be) striv'd to Maintain
 The Image, that with it Themselves might Reign.

But Christian Quakers Discontent did shew,
 Giving their Image a most Deadly Blow;
 And Searching for its Root and their Foundation,
 The Thirteenth Chapter of JOHN's Revelation,
 Declar'd the Number of the Beast to Be,
 Six Hundred Sixty Six; then Charity,
 Numbred the Judges to be but the Tail,
 Not having Pow'r to Kill nor to Prevail.
 And tho' a *BULL was Sign'd by th' Sixty Six,
 Yet Whitehead to 't refus'd His Name to Fix:
 And why? 'twas said that Warn'd He was by GOD,
 Not to Sign it, yet since with Zeal is Cled,

* Viz. a Paper
 Sign'd at Ellis
 Hook's Cham-
 ber the 12. 4.
 Mo. 1677. by
 Ch. Marshal,
 Chr. Taylor, J.
 Tyloe. S. Carter.
 W. Gofnel Eze.
 Woolly and
 Sixty more of
 G. F's Par-
 ty.

To Stand by th' **BULL**, the *Judges*, and their *Cause*,
 The Hippocrites *Pach-way* unto Applause.
 The Reason of that *Warning* as Expreſt,
 (His Actions Weigh'd) methinks should *Wound His Breast*,
 Unlesſ *We Scar'd be*, what waſt? *my Hand ſaid We*,
Would hurt the Service of My Ministry,
 Or Words to that Effect. -----

If *Godineſs* with *Whithead* were but Gain,
 He could not *Thus* a Christian Conscience *Stain*,
 By Slighting *GOD* and th' end of th' *Ministry*,
 To Stand by *That*, that Stands i'th' *Poſtacy*.
 Oh! that the Secret *He* would but Reveal,
 And tell the Truth, as well as Truth Conceal.
 Nodoubt twould then appear, not *Love* to *FOX*,
 Constrain'd to hazard Splitting on ſuch *Rock's*;

But rather thus, if *FOX*'s *Headſhip* fail,
 None then that *Headſhip* on *Him* could Entail.
 Well this I know, that *GOD*'s not on *His Side*,
 He Runs with Multitude, *He*'s Fill'd with *Pride*,
 His Strength Abates, the *Arm of Flesh* doth Fail,
Gog Army 'gainſt the *Saints* shall not Prevail;
 Their Darts being Shot but from th' *Infernall Spirit*,
GOD's Indignation Worthily did Merit;
 And when Repuls'd Return'd more Swift and Fierce,
 The Bowels of their *Tankering Cause* to Pierce,
 And tho' They *Saint Themselves* yet ſome Defame,
 Where's no *Hosanna* to ſome *Earthly Name*.

The Ashes of the Dead that in *GOD* Dye,
 Their Wrath Rakes in, their Name to † *Villife*:
 A Work Abhor'd, Espous'd by none, unleſs
 Such as the *Dens of Cruelty* Possess.
 Great Threats have been, that Records ſhall Declare
 That *STORY* and his *Friend Apostates* were:
 And yet no Wonder if They ſhould Deny,
 In Truth to tell what's deem'd th' *Apoſtacy*.
 Why ſo?

Caballine Councils when Disclos'd to All,
 And once Believ'd, a Caufe may quickly Fall.
 The Crafty *ſt FOX* that ever Sought a *Prey*,
 May miſs thereof by Hunting in the Day.
 They Work i'th' *Dark*, and from the *Truth* they *Swaros*.
 Now as to *Poſtacy* I thus Obſerve.

† Not only *J. STORY*, but
 others many
 Years after
 they were
 Dead.

* Meaning di-
vers Charges
drawn up
by J. S.
and J. W. to
shew their di-
slike of several
Orders and
Practices un-
der the Notion
of Church Go-
vernment.

Tis not Declar'd what 'tis ; th' * *Church Her Charge,*
Which *Whitehead* scorn'd, as Empty, tho' twas Large,
And yet let Them (said He unto a Friend)
But go to George and little Condescend,
A Farthing in the Pound will satisfy,
Which seems to shew, the *Church* so loud did Cry,
At FOX's Call, which some Dare not Deny,
But yet They did not Bend, *Hippocrise*
Could not Oblige them such *Deceit to Try,*
To be declar'd free from th' *Apostacy.*

To Stamp one Quaker with a Peerless Shape,
'Midst all the Rest is but to Play the Ape.

Popes have not had a greater *Badge of Pride,*
Then *Loosing* what the *Church Decreed or Ty'd.*
For so the *Church* kept *Wassals* at their Call,
And by such Rules One may *Unchurch us All.*
The Secret now seems open fac't to be,
Gentilian Lordship Loves a Bended Knee,

'Tis known that some to *George* have Kneel'd on th'Ground,
Like Subjects that from Kings fought Favour Found.
And yet Beholders say, He seem'd too Proud,
To Check that Sin, although it Cry'd Aloud.
And since such as *Idolatry* can Heal,
Can't Conquer Such as Conqu'ring Pow'r do Feel :
What's then the Issue ? Records must Declare,
That STORY, and his *Friend Apostates* were.

Had FOX, at first thus said, *I do Decree,*
That when I Call my Call must answer'd be,
Or else Apostates I will such Declare,
Gone from Christ's Light, and kept in Satan's Snare.
Or had He said.

Let Set Forms cease, let Men abased be,
Tet I will Rule with Forms that I le Decree.
What Christian Soul could have Espous'd such Pride ?
That sought the *LORD* as Souls not satish'd ?
And yet His Practice I do know Confirms,
What is Imported ith' foregoing Terms.
Else why did He, thus Write to Me. -----

* The ~~455~~ part
of Chriban
Quaker Co.

If They * (JOHN STORY and his Friend) were Right,
And in the Pow'r of GOD, and in the Light
They would have come to me, when that I sent
For Them : who is't that can't such Pride Lament,

When

When He so sent, to the intent, that He,
Might Judge what did concern His own Decree.
For when His Profelites their Strength had Bent,
His Cannons to Confirm, STORY's Dissent,
Was then the Theme whereon They did Discant,
And therefore unto, FOX made their Complaint:
As if that STORY from the Truth was gone,
When in Christ's Light He kept unto his Own.
If FOX Destroy not what He first did Build,
and unto Truth in very deed will Yield,
He then must grant that Christ's Light still will be,
The surest Guide to Men, and then He'll See,
He that his Captain and his Guide Declines,
Yielding Obedience to another's Lines,
Apostatized is: but no such Rocks,
Did STORY then split on, no Knee to FOX
Bow'd He, Christ was his Captain and his Guide,
Apostates Flatter'd G. J. in His Pride.
STORY could not Dissemble with that Race,
With Christ his Master it could have no Place;
Could He Build on the Wood, the Hey, the Stubble
Of Man's Invention? No, no such Bubble,
Confisted with his Life, no Empty Sound
Dropt from his Lips, his Doctrine was Profound.
No need of Instances to prove the same,
I know not one that therein doth Defame,
More than by Charming Noise, and Tones to Stop,
The Words that He was Mov'd, i'th' Life to Drop.
Thereby to Usher in some Brawling Person,
Fraighted with Matter void of Sense and Reason
Which Birth brought forth, and stamp'd Blasphemously,
I'th Name of GOD and His Authority,
Then Mourning would Possess his Melting Heart,
That Hungry Souls with Husks must thence depart,
Whilst that the Word of Life with Him did Rest,
Forth the Sake of such whose Souls were then Opprest.
Great Interruptions when the LORD did call,
To Preach his Word, He oft did meet withal:
Which Meriting displeasure at GODS Hand,
Woe unto them that did his Gift Withstand.
And if a Famine of the Word be Sent,
Such then their States may Wofully lament.

If th' mean time let Us Pray unto Our GOD,
 That He may Visit with His Scourging Rod,
 That so Repentance Such may find on Earth,
 That have been joyn'd to some Monstrous Birth:
 And in that Nature that is from Below,
 Against Meek STORY Bent their Envious Bow.

For tho' his Ashes in a Private Urne
 Secluded be, yet that his Light did Burn,
 And Shine before the Sons of Men is known
 By Life, by Doctrine, Crying, to your Own.
 Meaning, Christ's Light, and that Immortal Part,
 That Sinners Wounds and Pierceth like a Dart.
 His Faithfulness and Skill i'th' Word of GOD,
 Did oft Refresh his Friends, yet was a Rod,
 I'th' Hand of His Great Master fit to Scourge,
 Who e're did Humane Forms for SUBSTANCE Urge.

This Doctrine, to your own, your own, your own,
 Pathetically exprest seems to throw down,
 All Buildings Founded not on Christ the Light,
 An Inward Law Directing Man Aright.

For that the Scriptures Vindicate as True,
 Tho' Term'd by Some, a Doctrine that is New.
 It was the First, and Lasting Doctrine Preach't,
 From Life and Spirit when the Soul was Reach't,
 And being Receiv'd, Obey'd and Lived in,
 Death then did Pass upon the Man of Sin,
 And all his Fleshly Forms, and Sinful Strife,
 To th' Resurrection of Immortal Life.
 Who there Arrives and Tafteth of that Meat,
 Which Hungry Souls have often Long'd to Eat,
 May with this Prophet Humane Forms Compare,
 To Dross, to Dung, to Things that Viler are.

Well, He is gone and doth Sepulchred Lye,
 Yet Envy can't expunge His Memory,
 Th' Immortal Part Survives with GOD on High,
 Heaven's its Portion that shall never Dye.
 Life, Light, and Glory, Holy, True, Divine,
 Eternal Objects, did his Soul Encline,
 To Run that Race wherein each Saint Arrives,
 A Body Glorifi'd that Death Survives.

What! shall not Days, and Months, and Years Declare,
 That his Divine Discourses Joyous were?

Oh!

Oh! yes, His aime was, to Seek Us, not Ours,
Dropping His Doctrine, like Distilling Showers.

Let Breathings unto GOD Ascend from All,
That more such Lab'ring Prophets, He may call.
Mick, Humble, Patient, Tender, Gentl:, Kind,
Are *Epetites*, agreeing with His Mind.
His Nature as a Man, who could Despise,
Unless that *Envy* had put out Their Eyes.

His Life, His Doctrine, and His Sweet Behaviour,
Who could Gainsay, that Loved *Christ* Our Saviour :
A Man of Peace, that Lov'd it as His Life,
Tho' *Envy, Wrath, and Prid:*, Enforced Strife :
A Man of Mercy, shewing Love to All,
In *evry Form*, that Lift'ned to GODS Call.

All Sinful Liberty, He did Deny,
Yet *Liberty of Conscience, was His Cry.*
A Vitions Life, His Tender Years Abhorr'd;
A Nat'ral Branch, the Servant of the LORD.
Since Call'd of GOD, to th' Work of th' Ministry,
Grace hath Abounded, not Severity.

His Gentle Exhortations, more did Gain,
Then Condemnations, on whom Sin did Stain.
Lordship, He did Disdain, 'tis no small Sin,
'Midst Those, that Cry'd, Our Laws from Light within.
He had no Faith, that 'twould direct one Line,
The Church, by Outward Rules to Discipline.

It was the Ministrition of GODS Light,
That He Dispens'd as *Gospel* in our Sight.

Why then should *Envj*, in *His Ashes Rake?*
Since what *He was, He was* for th' *Gospels Sake.*
Not Wounding Such, from whom He did Dissent,
More then by th' Arrows, of Sound Argument :
Knowing that *Conscience* must be first *Perswaded*,

Before Consent; else Christian Rights, Invaded,
Yet, such was th' *Envj*, of some *quondam Friends*,

Fond, of New Cannons, that to Bondage Tends.

That tho' *He Judg'd them not, but left them Free,*
Yet *His Dissent, must Opposition be.*

Infinuating where a Place was Found,
That 'twas the Man that did the *Church* first Wound.
And that *He Sow'd, what unto Discord Tended,*
Their Best Proof was, *His Spirit, them Offended:*

But Dar'd not to Impeach His *Doctrine*, why?
 It Broach't no *Schisme*; It Bruis'd *Hippocrise*.
Christ Was that *Fixed Mark*, whereat It Tended,
 The Spirit's Teaching i'th' *Faith*, *He* Defended,
His Travel was, that Men might know Its *POW'R*,
 To be Their *Strength*, in a *Distressed Hour*.
 And that the Least o'th' *Flock*, might know His *Guids*,
 To be *Within Himself*, thus then, that *Pride*,
 That Some at first did *Zealously Decay*,
 Might not have Stain'd the Present *Ministry*,
 Of Such as lately Taught, the *Thriving Sheep*,
You are the Vinyards, that We are to Keep.

Had but a Priest (for taking Tithes Despis'd)
 Compar'd such *Doctrine* (tho' with Sighs Disguis'd)
 With what's *DECREED* Concerning || *TEMPORALLS*;

|| See the 7th.
 Part of *Chr.*
Quak. pag. 27.
 28. 29.

And (Soul Concerns Couch't under) *SPIRITUALS*:
 He might thus say, *Your Church Exceeds our Claim*,

At Sheep, and Fleece, and ALL, We ne're did aime:

A Tithe of Yours Sufficeth Us, but You;
I'th' Name of Spirit (altho' it be not True)
Have Open'd Door, whereby the Church, Her Sense,
May Bind to such Submission, that from Thence,
Faith must proceed, Your Tithes and All may go,
To whom such Favour, They may Please to Shew.
 The Knowldg of *Such Things*, as these did Wound,
 This late Deceased Prophet; for His Sound,
 With th' Trumpet of the *LORD*, did tend, that We
 Might from all Sin, and Thraldom be set free:
 And that Our Faith in Mortals might not Stand,
 But in Our Savionr *Christ*, at *GOD's* Right Hand.

Let *Gospel Sound*, as 'twas i'th' Antient Days,
 Speak but His Merit, and 'twill Speak his Praise.

Then th' *Gospel* loud did Cry; *Our Law's the Light*,
Liberty of Conscience is Mens Right;
 But when that *FOX*, about *Church Government*,
 More then the *Gospel*, Time and Labour Spent,
 I'th' stead of *Liberty of Conscience*, *He*,
Said Liberty of th' Gospel, it must be.
 Why so?

This seems the Street, as the Sequel Shews,
 No Room i'th' First to *Force* with *Church Her Blows*;
 But when *She's Judge*, what's *Gospel Liberty*,
 No Room for *Conscience*, not seeing with *Her Eye*.

Oh

Oh Mourful Day! when *Gospel Liberty*,
 Was Preach't t' oppose a *Conscientious Cry*.
 No need of Quick-sight to Behold Therein,
 An Open Door t' Advance the *Man of Sin*.
 For Thence, a *Proud & Surprised* may Arise,
 And tell the *Flock* *Darkness hath Clos'd your Eyes*,
And therefore tis Your Place to See with Mine,
*On Whom the *Gospel Light* doth Clearly Shine*.
 For tho' the *Conscience Light* 'ned by the *Spirit*,
Claims Liberty according to its Merit,
Tet you being Weak, your Conscience is not fit,
To Claim the Liberty thereof as yet.

And then as Proof like * *Whiteheads Lines* Abhor'd,
 In His own Praise, may thus tell to the *LORD*,
Thou know'st O LORD, that Thou didst me Endue,
With Fait', and Zeal, and Righteous Judgments too,
With Understanding and a Christian Spirit,
In suffering Joy. This Trumpet Shame doth *Merit*,
Because His Work wherein His Praise He Sent,
† Detected Stands, for Lyes, and False Judgment.

Thus Thraldom Enter'd and some Silly Sheep,
 (Discerning not how *Crafty* some did *Creep*,
 Within their Fold, to get great Part of th' Fleece)
 Were Lull'd Asleep, when for't They Cry'd, Peace, Peace.

Well may I say, oh Mourful Day! for this
 To Seeing Men, brings neither Joy nor Bliss;
'Tis as Remote from th' Nature of True Quakers,
As Popish Persecutions from Saint Peters.
 It was the Sin, that did of Old beset,
 And Spreading of the *Gospel Light*, did Let;
 When Conscience Tend'red by the *Gospel Lines*,
*Claim'd Liberty, whereby the *Gospel Shines**:
 But this seems Worst, in this their Conscience Ends,
 For what They'r Wrong'd, for that They Wrong their Friends.
 How so?

When Persecuted, *Satan* Them doth Wound;
 But Saint Themselves, when They i'th same are Found.
 Not having Goals, with such ~~WILLS~~ They Pursue,
As are no less, than Persecution too.
 For thereby, They Defame Men's Names, and Credit,
 (Tho' next their Lives) and that without Just Merit.

Without the Clergy's Leave and Approbation,
A Marriage Mode brings Excommunication.

* See his Ap-
peal to God at
the latter end
of his Book
Stiled Judg-
ment Fixed.

† See my
Scourge for
G. Whitehead
occasioned by
his Book titled
Judgment fix-
ed.

Oh!

Oh ! Shame on such, as for't the Clergy Blame ;
 And yet i'th' Name of Church, do Act the *Same.
 So such have done, as Light for Darkness Take,
 Who tho' term'd Friends, yet Friends to Truth Forsake,
 And (slighting Conscience Pleas) their own Rod Make.

The Church of EngLand no Church-man Defames,
 For Sale of Books, Writ in Dissenters Names :
 Yet ~~Whithead's~~ one with Church, so Blind of Late,
 As that for th' like they || Excommunicate.
 Tho' gainst Play-Books, Sold for their Brothers Gain,
 Their Excommunications don't Complain,
 They thus for Persecution, so Excel,
 As few, save Rome, will yield their Paralell:
 To Wound the Just, their Preachers Lyes Confirm,
 What none Confutes, they Hocus Pocus Term.
 Their Language * Hocus Pocus, in the Name

* See the Accuser set forth
 in the Name of the second
 Days meeting
 pag. 265.

Of Preachers Weekly met, in London came;
 Which seems to Shew their Art, but not the Credit,
 That Gospel Preachers, by the Gospel Merit.
 Oh Flock take heed, that You Your Vineyards Keep,
 Such Artists Wound, when They do Whine, and Wrap.

Ch ! Call to mind the Doctrine, that at First,
 Shew'd where's the Fountain, that doth Quench the Thirst,
 Of Thirsting Souls; then to your Own you'll go,
 Leaving Romes Sister, to Bewail Her Woe.
 Her want is Love, Christ's Spouse, how then is She,
 He's Fill'd with Love, and to His Spouse must be.
 Nay not with Love, barely unto Her Own,
 But unto Ev'ry Plant, that's tender Crown,
 Let th' Form be what it will, wherein 'tis Seen;
 If Seeking That which makes the Conscience Clean,
 With this Christ's Church is One, their Bond is Love,
 Christ is their Rock, their Comforts from Above.

Woe to that Church, that's Clothed like a Bride,
 Whose Hearts are Fill'd with Babilonish Pride:
 From thence it was, that STORY felt Her Rage,
 Which did, and doth, Her Downfall still presage:
 And hath brought forth, most Lively Demonstrations,
 That She's become, Deceiver in the Nations.

By th' Method of Her Contests She can't Fail,
 O're Her Opposers sometimes to Prevail,
 For She's Accuser, Witness, and Judge, then Cry,
 Here are the Trophies, of our Victory.

* See Innocency Vindicated &c. by F. B. pag. 18.

¶ See F. B. De Christiana Liberate pag. 197. 206. 207.

LORD Keep us from Unreasonable Men;
 What Truth Destroy'd, let None Build up agen:
 And more, and more, Reveal th' *Apostacy*,
 That's Enter'd *Some*, Term'd in the *Ministry*.

If things in Equal Scales, Perpended be,
 Then half an Eye, i'th' Light, may quickly See,
 Who are *Apostates* from *Christ's Light within*,
 Since *Outward Rules*, instead, are Usher'd in.
 And *Persecution*, hath some *Friends* Attended,
 For not Conforming, tho' they Truth Defended.

Alas ! methinks, They sometimes should Consider,
 How quickly Herbs Cut from their Root, do Wither :
 Such is their State, if now it be no Sin,
 To Slight their *Laws*, when neither *Light within*,
 Nor *Holy Scriptures* tell us 'tis the *Path*,
 Wherein Man Walks, that doth Escape *GODS Wrath*.

Oh that the *Eye* that *Darknes* clos'd of Late,
 Were once but Open to Behold their State :
 Who could but Cry, alas ! nought can Entomb,
 That which is Born of the Immortal Womb.

Oh ! that the *Envy*, which hath *Vailed* some,
 Would but afford to *Charity* a Room ;
 Which of *Meek STORIES* Enemies dare say,
 That in *GODS Favour*, He past not away ?
 Oh ! that the Man, who first did move to *Strife*,
 Ith' *Nature*, that's Estranged from *GODS Life* ;
 Would unto *GOD*, Confess his Sin, and Cry ;
Woe ! woe is me ! Repentance e're I Dye.

Oh ! that the Rude Combined Multitude ;
 Did see their *Leaders* Sin, and thus Conclude ;
 We were Betray'd, *GODS Prophets*, We did Wound,
 When They to Us, did first th' Alarm Sound.

This Leads me now with Boldness to Averr,
 Some *Leaders*, of the People, caus'd to Err.

Oh ! that the *Day of Mourning*, all might Reach,
 That e're Profest the *Light of Christ* to Preach,
 And in a Sense of *GODS Great Indignation*,
 Might Pray to HIM, that Reconciliation,
 Might yet attend, the now *Divided Flock*,
 Left Old, as well as Young, Split on the *Rock*.
 And since Divisions, Day by Day, Encrease,
 Proclaim to All 'tis needful it should Cease,

On this Accord, that none for Conquest Strive,
Nor yet Debase, what GOD hath kept Alive ;
That in Christ's Church, no Monstrous Birth may Live ;
I mean those Natures, that for Lordship Strive.
Or that shall frame, External Government,
And Term it Christ's, as if from Heaven Sent.

Give Pride, the Cause of Strife, a Mortal Wound,
Then Peace, and Charity may yet Abound.
Then Christ's Humility, Prides may take
And Brethren Bend, e'ne for their Brothers Sake.
Let Blood Obedience (that ne're did Avail
Altho' it may Hippocratic En'aile)
Be but Delpis'd, as Worthily it ought,
The Issue may be, what in Truth is Sought.
Implicit Faith, to Humane Rules Subjection,
Are no True Signs of Man's (in Christ) Election
Hence I conclude.

The Law of Life Effectually Constrains,
Subjection in Christ's Members, where He Reigns ;
Had this in all Professed Friends Abounded,
Who could Meek STORY and his * Friend have Wounded.

But yet They Wounded were, FOX was their Foe,
For which GOD grant, He may Repentance Know ;
How e're 'tis joy, that STORY, in his Day,
When Calid of GOD, did His Voice so Obey,
That neither Provocations, Threats, nor Favour,
Did Influence to cease from Gospel Labour :
Tho' Weakness (Years) His Body did Attend,
Yet He i'th' Gospel Labour'd to the End :
He dy'd i'th' Faith, and was so sweet a Savour,
As that with GOD, He Rests in Peace, and Favour,
They are not Few, that do Believe the same,
His Dear Companion, JOHN, Witnesse became,
Oh sav'ry Life, who can but Sympathise,
With His Companion, when Death Clos'd His Eyes,
Since He Survives, GOD grant Him Length of Days,
To Live to GOD, Witnesse to His Praise ;
And that a Double Portion of the Spirit may,
Abound through Him to th' Children of the Day ;
And when that GOD, shall Call Him to His Rest,
That Christ i'th' Saints, may Witnesse that He's Blest.

*Namely John Wilkin in His Fellow Traveller, and Companion in the Labour of the Gospel.

These Following Verses Concerning G. FOX, were not Writ by the Author of the Foregoing POEM; but added by another Hand.

400

A
After so many Strange Mishaps,
In Pursuit of J. Story with all thy Traps,
I Putt most, thy Last Relaps.
Thy Weakness shews thy Day is done,
The Night o're Spreads thy Setting Sun.

Cabalistic Art, is out of Date,
Thy Mysterious Alligories come to Late,
To say the Truth, it is Thy Fate.
None can avoid, what GOD Decrees;
Thou'rt like a Drone amongst the Bees.

Thy Strength Declines, Thy Power Decay,
And Thou Lest Hid, This Trying Day,
To save Thy Self, is no New Way.
Remember now the Time that's Past,
And how Thou'rt lost thy Crown at laist.

Thou didst Escape thy Enemies Pains,
With States-Mens, Arts, and Preachers Gains,
But Dalilahs Wiles, has Great Thy Brains.
A Female Power Surpris'd Thy Strength,
Thy Honours Laid in the Dust at length.

Such WOMEN as did Associate,
To Help to Govern Thy NEW STATE,
Whose Ambient ACTS Time will Relate:
These Women, They did Claim a Right,
To Wash the Ethiopian White:

To Keep things Sweet and Clean, say They,
But Foul things came so in their Way,
They Workt in Vain, both Night and Day.
Profession Wipes off no such Blots,
The Leopard does not Change his Spots.

To Compass Sea, and Land, Thou went,
To Proselyte, Thy Will was Bent.
So Raised Storms of Discontent.
Thus God does Blasf, what Man Devise,
To Infatuate the Worldly Wife.

This Stubble Thou hast Built upon,
Is for the Fire; the Time comes on,
To Try the Work, bat Thou hast done.
The Secret Hand of Providence,
Protecteth only Innocence.

O H DAY of Tryal! come thou Art,
For to Discover every Heart,
And manifest things as they be,
That all the Innocent may see,
The Man that doth the Life Possess,
From Him that only it Profess;
Yea Thou wilt shew Them who they are,
That Soar'd up above their Spheare,
In Words, in Carriage, or in Action,
Which gave the Seed no Satisfaction;
And Such before, that Thou art over,
Their Nakedness Thou wilt Discover;
Whereby Some that Deceiv'd have been,
and caught by Them as in a Gin,
Will be Ashamed, and Sit down,
and wait within to feel their own,

Eternal Gift, to Guide again,
And Life to Breath upon the Slain;
And as these Things, They come to feel,
It will Refresh, Revive Their Zeal,
To stand against every thing,
That would to GOD Dishonour Bring;
And Patiently the Cross to Bear,
Whoever Flee it, They'll not dare,
Because They'll see, it would offend,
(And bring Them Sorrow in the End;) The Living GOD, who is so Just,
That all that will HIM Follow, must
Deny Themselves in every thing,
To Follow HIM, Who IS Their KING.

Post-

POST-SCRIPT.

LE T GEORGE FOX, and Those that Uphold *Him* Remember, *twas Jeroboam* that Caused *Israel* to Sin ; and as His Name was Branded to Posterity, even so shall Theirs be, who have Oppressed, Their Innocent Brethren ; using all Craft, and Policy, to Stifle Their Consciences, who cannot own Them to be Their Head, and Lawgiver ; Therefore, a Day of Distress, Confusion, and Perplexity, is Come, and Coming upon them. And those Evil Reports, They have Falsly Cast upon Others, will Manifestly Appear, to be True on Themselves : Yea, the same Contempt, Ignominy, Shame, and Confusion of Face, which They thought to have Thrown upon Others, is Justly Fall'n upon Their Own Heads ; Insomuch, that Their *Church Government, Orders, Laws, and Cannons Ecclesiastical*, are Become a Reproach, a Taunt, and a By-word in the Nation, as a just Recompence of Their *Pride, Apostacy, and Deep Hypocritie*.

May not They say, as some of Old did, *viz. We are very Guilty Concerning Our Brother ; In that We saw the Anguish of His Soul, when He besought Us, and We would not Hear* ; Therefore is this Distress come upon Us. Gen. 42. 21.

F. B.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Several Books Wrote by *W. R., F. B. T. C.* and Others, are Intended to be Bound up Together ; And left to Posterity as a Testimony ; against the Erronious Principles, and Antichristian Practices of *G. FOX* and His Party ; That Ages to Come, may See upon what Grounds : the Differences amongst the People Called *QUAKERS* first Arose, and to this Day are Continued.

Go you now unto My Place, which was in Shiloh, where I set My Name at the First, and see what I did to It, for the wickedness of My People Israel. Jer. 7. 12.

Marg. Note, pag. 12. instead of *By Read Against J. S. and J. W. for shewing their Disslike, &c.*
Also several Stops are Omitted, which may easily be helped in Reading.

T H E E N D.